

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1920

FARM AND STOCK

Stalman Brothers, Chenault, have added to their herd a fine Polangus Bull calf.

Vic Pile bought at the recent sales in Louisville, a Holstein heifer, Flora Calanthus Hengerveld, for \$260. His herd of Big Type Poland China hogs has been increased recently. Four sows farrowed 8 pigs each and two sows ten each.

August Belmont has sold his American thoroughbred stallion Trecey, to Senor S. J. Unze, of Buenos Aires for \$265,000. This is the highest price ever paid for a horse. For the sire of Trecey, the famous Rock Sand Mr. Belmont paid \$125,000. Major Belmont maintains, as did his father before him one of the largest stud farms in America.

A. T. Beard returned from Louisville, Monday, where he was selling stock. Reports prices a little off.

E. E. Glasscock deserves a blue ribbon for covering his territory in this county. On account of the bad roads from McDaniels to Harned he couldn't get a conveyance to land him at the station in time to catch his train, so he picked up his grips and started out a foot. It is 20 miles from McDaniels to Harned. He made the trip in seven hours besides selling two bills on the way. He represents one of Louisville's oldest firms, the Louisville Tin & Stove Company and says it is the best in that city and that's why he hustles for it and makes good. His house should crown him King of the Road.

FEAR OF LESS FOOD PRODUCTION IS NEED FOR BUILDING GOOD ROADS.

In view of the need that our food production shall be kept up to maximum there is no room to question the importance of the use of a labor saving device indicated by the foregoing figures. Whoever believes that agriculture got along without tractors for a good many years and can get along without them for a while longer may profitably consider the farm labor situation in this country, which is so serious today that the Department of Agriculture warns of an impending decrease in food production. The movement of workers from farms to the cities, it says, is more pronounced than in the early days of the war. The number of hired men in New York State decreased 17 per cent last year. Talk of a mammoth union of farm laborers is bandied about, and wages increased by 15 to 18 per cent during 1919, making them 80 per cent higher than before the war, while the Department estimates that another 15 per cent increase will be recorded in 1920. At the same time the cost of farm equipment and supplies has gone up.

Wage increases have not been out of proportion to the rise in value of farm products, but the shortage of workers is another question entirely. Says the Department:

Numerous letters from field workers or farmers indicate a widespread disposition to cut down planting so that the work of cultivating can be attended to by the farmer himself or by members of his family.

Labor saving devices and scientifically intensified production give the only answer. The great progress that civilization has made in rendering the land subservient to the needs of man have received tremendous acceleration from machines and scientific discoveries in the past and every encouragement must be given to experiment and research in the present. That is why increased use of tractors and motor trucks and increased building of good roads deserve every propulsion which alert merchandising and propaganda can give.

That is also why an excess of economy by congress in cutting appropriations to the Department of Agriculture at this time is penny wise and pound foolish. E. T. Meredith, the new secretary, in his first public utterance after assuming office, had to confess that he couldn't tell cotton growers how to fight the boll weevil because he didn't have enough money to disseminate the information.—Alan H. Temple in Commerce and Finance.

NO EXTRA SESSION NEEDED.

The news has been published throughout the State coming from Frankfort, that there is likely to be an extra session of the Legislature to provide means to carry into effect the road program, as laid out in the Moss road measure, providing for 3,450 miles of State Highways.

There should be no extra session of the Legislature. It is an expensive luxury. Kentucky can do without. It is not consistent with Gov. Morrow's promises of economy. If the money necessary to carry out the big road plan can be raised without an ad valorem tax it can be done at this session of the Legislature, and it should be done. Because this Legislature has frittered away half of its time in vacations or recesses is no justification to put a burden of taxation upon the people to pay for an extra session. Our solons ought not to be rewarded for the waste of time by giving them more pay, and that is what an extra session means.—Elizabethtown News.

TOBACCO GROWERS DIS-SATISFIED. PLAN URGED TO CUT ACREAGE.

Plans to launch a campaign designed to curtail materially production of tobacco in Kentucky, Tennessee, Southern Indiana and Southern Ohio were made yesterday at a meeting held by the Tobacco Growers' and Dealers' Protective Association, recently organized to make a fight for comparatively bidding by the big tobacco companies.

A call was sent out to tobacco growers of the four states to attend a meeting at Falls City Hall next Thursday night, when farmers will be asked not only to reduce tobacco acreage next year, but to organize local branches of the protective association in every county of the tobacco district.

Growers will be asked to reduce the production of tobacco next year, according to H. B. Gorin, of the protective association, as a direct blow at the big tobacco companies, which, it is charged, have forced down leaf prices this year by violation of the Supreme Court mandate issued in 1912, which dissolved the tobacco trust and provided for a competitive bidding by the buyers.

Through the organization in every tobacco-growing county of a branch of the protective association, members of the organization expect to strengthen their fight against the big tobacco companies, Mr. Gorin said. More than 600 invitations were sent out to tobacco growers in the four states.

Laban Phelps, president of the Tobacco Growers' and Dealers' Protective Association, presided at the meeting yesterday.—Louisville Herald.

BREAKING A COLT IN VERMONT.

Daniel L. Cady, in Burlington Free Press.

To break a colt and make him know A-hove to back and whoa and go, And get him so he's calm and true, And fond of work, and fond of you, And so he'll pull in snow or sand, And so he'll "split the wind" or stand, And so he'll stay inside the road, In case he meets a Turk or toad— All this is work, or horsemanship, Which ever word becomes your lip.

You have to halter-string him first, A joyless job, but not the worst; And get the halter on all right, In time, and make the throat-latch tight; Then round your hand the rope you wrap, Pull up your pants, pull down your cap, Dig in your heels and hold your breath, Prepared to be dragged to death. But, shucks and pshaw! he doesn't move No more than Venus in the Louvre.

As sure's your name is Reuben Morse You guess you've got a balky horse; You're up against an iron steed, You fear, that hates to learn to lead; "Sail right, I'll hit him then," you say, "And find who's master, anyway." And so you hunt the leather bit, A headstall small enough to fit, And after breaking several laws, You land that bit a-tween his jaws.

Then back you go and stand behind And push him forward with your mind; You slap the reins and click and cluck, But soon, by George, you have to duck, For 'round he wheels and bolts a-straight Right at you, full of boss and hate; You dodge behind again and try To rein him, but, O! me, O! my, You might as well a-try to rein A Summer squall on Lake Champlain.

The next forenoon you go out and cut Two spruce three inches through the butt; The same forenoon you lift apart, At king-bolt point, your old ox cart; On top the forward ox you bolt The fills you've cut for Mr. Colt; The big long tongue—it's half a log— Splits out behind to act as "dog;" His Nibs, you guess, will find you've found A way to stop his turning 'round.

You get him 'twix the shafts at last, And tie him down secure and fast; Again you take the reins and cluck And wait to see him kick and buck, But no—he never yet has done A thing you thought he would, not one— He strikes a running canter trot, Right off across your meadow lot, Through clover, stubble, muck-bed swale, He speeds with lofty head and tail.

O're fodder corn and seeded piece He goes, like lightning steered by grease, On through the goose-pond, towards the woods That 'side your land from A. O. Hood's; You follow with your legs a-sprung From straddling that confounded tongue; Then round he siphons quick and heads A-towards the buildings, barns and sheds, Till winded by his lobster load, He stops dead still beside the road.

Your wife the whole affair has seen Behind the buttery window screen; She's felt you snaked, with wifely moan, The length of all the land you own; It seemed to her each fearful step Was far as Dover from Dieppe; As in you go, she hollers, "Morse, If you're alive, sell off that horse;" To which you instantly reply, "That colt's for sale, and so am I."

VANISHING VALUES.

The thing we call a copper Is in numismatics proper, But it sure has come a cropper

In the shop; And the nickel's sway is broken As a monetary token, And in fact the dime is spoken As of slop.

So in course of time the holler That is put up by the dollar Will sink far below the collar

That it wears; And asylums we contract with Will be filled full, for a fact, with— Or in other words be cracked with— Millionaires.

—Maurice Morris.

WISE MAN

"Young Dobbins is a wise man. You have to give him credit." "What has he done now?" "He is remaining neutral in the warfare between his wife and their cook."

EVENTS THAT TRANSPYRED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Taken From The Breckenridge News, Wednesday, March 13, 1895

In Cloverport.
 Rev. M. M. Carroll, new pastor of the St. Rose church arrived in town, Wednesday.

—(o)—
 The handsome dwelling of Capt. A. J. Gross and Mrs. Gross at Holt, was destroyed by fire.

—(o)—
 News was received here of the drowning of Dr. J. B. Cottrell in Lake Dora, Fla. He was the father of Mrs. G. W. Short, and a member of Kentucky Conference of the Methodist church, South.

—(o)—
 The farmers of Tobinsport, Ind., have five or six thousand bushels of Peerless potatoes for sale.

—(o)—
 Mrs. W. H. Bowmer entertained a few young ladies in honor of Miss Eva Young and Miss Addie Ditto.

—(o)—
 Henry Tate was over from Tobinsport, accompanied by his beautiful little daughter, Ethel May.

—(o)—
 In Hardinsburg—Ed. Beard has purchased the property near the depot which formerly belonged to his father.

—(o)—
 T. C. Lewis has gone into the egg and poultry business.

ODD ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

The ice on the Merrimac River at Lowell, is 26½ inches thick.

Nearly one-third of the people of the United States, or more than 30,000,000, live on farms. Nearly 20,000,000 more live in communities having a population of less than 2,500. In other words, nearly one-half of the population of this country is to be found on farms or in country districts. In 1910 the value of all farm property was approximately \$41,000,000,000 or more than the capital of all the manufacturing establishments, railways, mines, and quarries in the United States. The value of farm property in 1919 is conservatively estimated at more than \$51,000,000,000.

The number of births in Brockton last year was 1,525, compared with 1,576 the year before.

A clock in the Blue Room in the White House which was presented by the French to President Andrew Jackson in 1824 has been running ever since.

A matinee performance of a popular play was given at Pittsburg before an audience consisting of only a motion-picture operator and a man in charge of a recording phonograph, to get records for the manager who has secured the rights to produce the play in Australia.

A thousand feet of barbed wire were stolen from an Ohio farmer's new fence over night. He finished stapling the wire one afternoon and the next morning found the posts as bare as when he began the job.

A Pittsfield man figures that at present prices it costs \$1 a week to keep a house cat.

CAN THINK A WHILE.

"A stammering man has a great advantage," said the busy citizen. "In what way?" "He can think before he speaks, and still hold on to your attention."—Team-work.

A remarkable man is one who does a remarkable thing and doesn't talk about it.

Waymond Furrow, of Cloverport, has rented a farm near Kirk, and moved on it.

—(o)—
 Stuart DeJarnette writes from Missouri, that he likes the country and his family is well pleased. He has a fine girl born Feb. 25.

—(o)—
 In Stephensport—Eggs are plentiful and the market is dull at 10 cents and not much chance of a raise in price soon.

—(o)—
 Lee Dowell left the 10th, to accept a position with the Cincinnati Cooperage Co.

—(o)—
 Charlie Cashman made a business trip to Hardinsburg on the back of a horse.

—(o)—
 Miss Nellie Simons, of Cloverport, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ludwell Adkisson.

—(o)—
 In Bewleyville—Roy Cain has sold a horse to the Irvington Milling Co.

—(o)—
 Misses Mary Blanford, Blanche Jolly, Mattie Lee Moorman, Overton Blanford, Roy Cain and Tom Lyddan spent Sunday with Miss Lena Drury.

IRELAND THE FIRST TO PROTECT THE ANIMALS.

The first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals was owe to Ireland. A famous English nobleman attempted to obtain a law and was made so much fun of that he backed out and gave up in despair. Then there came into the House of Commons from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, Dick Martin, who was noted for two things: First, he was very fond of animals and second, he was very fond of fighting everybody whom he thought had insulted him—on that point he had a well established reputation.

So one day he brought a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Some one gave a cock crow. Martin stepped out at once on the floor of the House of Commons and said he would be very much obliged for the name of the gentleman who had seen fit to insult him. The gentleman didn't give his name, and Martin, after waiting a minute, went back to his seat amid the cheers of the House of Commons, and his law was enacted and became the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals—Our Dumb Animals.

THE PENCIL.

When I awake on mornings fair I see upon my wall A slender golden pencil on The flowery paper scrawl. No hand upon it guides the point, It moves mysteriously, But what it writes in lines of light Is very plain to me.

I'm sleepy yet, I'd like to take Another nap, but no! I tumble out of bed and off To catch the train I go. That pencil is a ray of sun, It will not let me shirk My daily task but writes each morn, "Get up and go to work."

QUAKES BREAK PACIFIC CABLES

Washington, March 3.—Two earthquakes occurred in the South Pacific Ocean last Saturday, resulting in the breaking of both South American cables, according to information received to-day in Washington. No further details have reached here.

AN UNNAMED STATION

It was late afternoon, at the hour when business men and belated shoppers as well as the motley crowd of toilers seek their homes, and the suburban car was filled to its utmost capacity. Sitting side by side in one corner were a stout, overdressed woman and a very little boy. The woman had so often endeavored to obey the harassed conductor's adjuration to "sit close" that her voluminous skirts quite overspread the child's dangling legs and feet, leaving visible little more than a small, patient face set around by a fringe of copped yellow curls and lighted by a pair of large, serious blue eyes. One could but wonder that the woman seemed to give him no attention. He must have been tired with the long noisy ride. Why did she not take him on her lap and cushion his head upon her ample shoulder?

Singly or in groups the passengers began to leave the car at the various street crossings, until there was left, besides the woman and child, only a young woman in black, with a beautiful sad face. At length the stout woman pressed the signal button, and the car came to a stop. Halfway to the door, she heard the conductor calling after her: "Lady, you've forgotten your boy."

"My boy! What 'cher mean? I've got no boy!"

The man stared. "Whose is he, then? He's been on along with you ever since we left the car barn. Looks to me as if you meant to shake him."

"Me! Shake him!" The woman choked with indignation. "I never saw the kid before in my life!"

Still incredulous, the conductor addressed the child: "Ain't she your mother?"

"O no, sir!" The clear little voice sounded as "pipes o' Pan." "Mamma's gone to heaven. That's where I'm going—to find her. Here's my penny. I tried to give it to you, but you didn't see. Will you please tell me when we get there?"

The man gazed about him helplessly.

"What d'ye know about that?" he muttered. Then, with a queer catch in his throat: "I'm sorry, kiddie, but heaven is not on our line."

There was a rustle of garments, a soft breathless rush, and the woman in black had the child in her arms. "Tell me all about it, darling. What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name used to be Dickie, but it's Fifty-Seven now, and I live at the asylum. A man took me there after my mama went away. There are lots of

little boys and girls, but no mamas there. Nobody kisses me good-night and tucks me up in bed or hears me say my prayers. Have you ever been to heaven, lady, and is it far away?"

"I have never been there myself, dear, but I had a little boy who went. I know you could never find it alone."

"That's what my mamma said—to wait. But I'm so tired waiting."

"I am tired, too, waiting—for my little boy. Dear, will you come and live with me, so that we can wait together?"

The blue eyes gazed for a long, silent moment into the other eyes of tender brown. A look of utter trustfulness stole over the childish features, a pair of little arms twined about the neck of the lovely lady, and the curly head sank upon her breast.

The conductor drew his sleeve across his eyes. "I mistook," he murmured under his breath. "Heaven ain't named on our books, but it's sure on the line, after all!"—Selected.

CURIOUS THINGS TAUGHT BY SPINNING TOPS.

All spinning bodies possess curious properties, which they do not possess when in the state of rest. Stand a top on its peg and it will immediately fall over, but spin the top and it will stand up so long as the spinning motion is present. Spinning bodies seem to possess or acquire a rigidity when they are spinning; for example, a steel chain, placed over a wheel which is spinning at a high rate of speed, and suddenly jerked off, will go running along the street like a hoop, and will only collapse into a limp pile of chain when its spinning motion comes to a stop.

Our earth is a spinning body, and hence possesses all the curious properties which spinning bodies do. It points to the pole star, like all spinning bodies, for every spinning body—a top, a wheel, anything—if under no restraint in its movement, will gradually turn on its axis and point to the pole star. If our earth were to stop spinning, it would immediately fall into the sun. Spinning bodies also have a tendency to stand up on end—that is, on their long axis. If you spin an egg-shaped body it will always endeavor to "stand on its hind legs," so to speak, and spin on one of its ends—Hereward Carrington, in Leslie's Weekly.

THAT'S THE RUB.

"A rub with alcohol is a great beautifier," says a physician. Nowadays the rub comes when you try to get the alcohol.

Attention Car Owners!

Over a month ago I was advised there would be at least a 15 per cent advance on all Auto Tires, Tubes and Tire Accessories about the 10th, of March and on the advance information bought a large stock of three of the leading brands.

I am just is receipt of the new price lists dated March 8th, and while fully expecting a 15 per cent, advanced it was in some instances nearly 40 per cent. For example the old price on a 30x3—Smooth Tread Clincher was \$12.90 while the new price on same is \$17.75.

The net increase on all Tires and Tubes running from 18 to 40 per cent.

As long as my stock lasts I will give all my customers the advantage of my purchase for ten days longer.

You can save not only a small per cent, but materially on things you will have to have, if you take advantage of this opportunity quick.

Marion Weatherholt
 Cloverport, Ky.

"Smooth as silk, eh? — Same here"
 —Chesterfield



Chesterfield
 CIGARETTES
They Satisfy

FOR SALE! Poland China Hogs

A few extra large Spring 1919 gilts bred to the giant yearling, Jumbo Bob, one of the best big type boars in the county. Also about 40 head of extra nice Fall pigs that are being fitted for sale and there are some especially nice males nearly large enough for service, all these will be priced very reasonably and pedigrees will be recorded free. One Jersey-shorthorn heifer with nice two weeks heifer calf, second calf, cow is of good size and gentle and sound.

About 100 bushels pure Johnson County White Seed Corn, germination guaranteed.

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